a generrall prayſe to her, and care in vs at whoſe expence
tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doeſt with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Y ere like one that ſuperſticiouſly,
Doe ſweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduiſe.

Gower. Thus time we waſte, & long leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockles, haue and wiſh but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vſe one language, in each ſeuerall clime,
Where our ſceanes ſeemes to liue,
I doe beſeech you
To learne of me who ſtand with gappes
To teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtorie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To ſee his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie eſtate.
Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moats and ſhadowes, ſee them
Moue a while,
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter